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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

April 21, 1888

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

GALLANT SERVICES AND SAD MISADVENTURE OF THE LATE MR. WALTER HERBERT INGRAM.

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ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—THE BELLS OF HASLEMERE, a New and Original Drama, by Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy. EVERY EVENING, at Eight. Mr. William Terriss and a powerful Company. Farce at 7.15. Box-office Ten to Five.

LYCEUM. — Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, TO-NIGHT, at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Messrs. Alexander, Glenney, Mead, Tyars, Haviland, Johnson, Harbury, Harvey, Archer, Carter, Lissee, Matthews, Barnett, Coleridge, Mills, and Mrs. Chippendale. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst). Ten to Five. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE will preside at the dinner in aid of the building fund of the British House for Incurables, which will be held in the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Gardens on the evening of May 14, the date fixed by the Princess of Wales for opening the exhibition, the object of which is to benefit that most deserving charity.

Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., of Piccadilly, the well-known designer of "The Jungle" at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, will construct a trophy illustrative of the flora and fauna of Denmark and its Dependencies. Groups of bears and other Arctic land and marine animals, with gulls, falcons, and various birds of the districts, picturesquely arranged with scenic effects illustrating their habits, will constitute a prominent feature in a building especially erected in the grounds of the exhibition on the site of the "Col-Indies."

THE EARL OF DERBY has accepted the presidentship of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OSCAR OF SWEDEN spent some hours on Monday afternoon in visiting several of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in the East of London.

THE OCEAN YACHT MATCH for £1000 between Mr. Ames's Atlantis and Captain Buller's Bridesmaid, from Southampton to Madeira, terminated on April 11 in an easy victory for the last named.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT BARNES.—Early last Monday morning a destructive fire occurred at the soap and sugar refining works of Colonel Cowan, at Barnes. The sugar factory was completely destroyed, the damage being estimated at about £60,000. Three hundred men are thrown out of work.

NORTHAMPTON PRIZE FIGHT.—At Northampton Divisional Sessions, on Saturday, the men connected with the recent prize fight at Nobottle Wood were disposed of. Coleman, one of the principals, was bound over to keep the peace in two sureties of £20 each and himself in £10, and Coles, of Raunds, and Draper, of Northampton, who were convicted of assaulting the police, were each sentenced to six months' hard labour.

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

The Penny Illustrated Paper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE Marquis of Hartington has been the political lion of the week in the City of London, the Corporation of which has honoured itself in presenting the Freedom of the City to the noble Lord. The Lord Mayor has never offered the hospitality of the Mansion House to a more unselfish statesman than Lord Hartington. The hard-headedness which Mr. John Bright praised in him when he warmly recommended his Lordship as the temporary Leader of the Liberal Party on the retirement of Mr. Gladstone some fourteen years ago was signally displayed when he made his firm stand against the impracticable Irish Home Rule plan of the ex-Premier. Dispassionately viewing his policy since then, if frankly own there has been much to admire in his steadfast and firm adherence to what he regarded as a right principle, despite the obloquy heaped upon him. The brother of Lord Frederick Cavendish might fairly be supposed to have strong claim on the forbearance of the most perfervid of Irishmen. He has over and over again admitted his readiness to extend the largest measure of local self-government to Ireland compatible with the strict maintenance of the union with Great Britain. That, I take it, is still the animating principle of the policy of the Liberal Unionists, of whom Lord Hartington is the Leader, supported by Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry James and Mr. Findlay, Mr. T. W. Russell, and many other undoubted Liberals. The aim of Mr. Gladstone being the same, one doesn't see why existing differences should not be removed, and this vexed question of Irish administration be arranged on the rational basis of the Local Self-Government Bill for England and Wales.

* * * * *

A master of elegant expression has been taken from us by the death of Mr. Matthew Arnold at Liverpool on Sunday. Mr. Arnold was walking with Mrs. Arnold in Dingle-lane, after luncheon, when he suddenly fell down and expired from heart disease. The best tribute to the earnest apostle of "Sweetness and Light" to leaven life with comes from an eloquent brother poet, Sir Edwin Arnold:—

Now, that thou better knowest friends and foes,
Good Friend! dear Rival! bear no grudge to those
Who had not time, in Life's hard fight to show
How well they liked thee for thy "dashing blow";
How "sweet" thy "reasonableness" seemed; how right
Thy lofty pleading for the long-dimmed "light"!

* * * * *

I am glad to hear Mr. Fred. Villiers's vivid Panoramic Lecture on the Egyptian War is a great success. On Sunday night Mr. Villiers left London for a fortnight's lecturing tour in Ireland, "opening" at Newry.

* * * * *

Meantime, the famous War Special of *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Melton Prior, journeying round the world for that great Journal, is sending home a remarkably interesting series of sketches and letters, beginning with Georgetown, and next obliging the veteran De Lesseps and the world with accurate *I. L. N.* designs of the Panama Canal Works. Mr. Prior is having a right royal and enviable time of it everywhere. I hope the cheery traveller will find opportunities to deliver his bright Burmese and Egyptian War Lectures in New York and in Australia; and then come back to "England, Home, and Beauty" with a heavy purse of gold.

* * * * *

Coaching by night! I hear the jovial blades of the Post Office—for the sake of economy—are running coaches and fours to Brighton and Lewes to carry the Parcel Post. Hurrah for the road! Who are the Jehus? Peter Rumney the natty, of the St. Albans Wonder? Prim Jim Selby, of the New Times? I don't wish to make the whips nervous, but I fear we may next hear of a Dick Turpin galloping on a bonnie Black Bess after these treasure-laden midnight coaches.

* * * * *

Lord Mayor De Keyser has a commendably hearty and earnest way of shaking hands with his guests, I was pleased to find at the hospitable reception he gave to the large company of Savages bidden to the Mansion House feast last Saturday night. He welcomed one and all as if he meant the welcome to be cordial. He certainly deserved and gained our thanks for the magnificence of the entertainment. Though no gathering of the kind in London could be considered complete without Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Frank Burnand, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. John Tenniel, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. George Du Maurier, or Mr. Linley Sambourne, of *Punch*—and these and other men of mark were conspicuous by their absence—numerous notabilities were to be recognised at this large assemblage of artists and actors, musicians and writers.

* * * * *

Add the luxury of the Mansion House *cuisine* and cellars, and throw in sweet music by the band of the Coldstreams, and the Lord Mayor's entertainment to the Savage Club members and their confrères closely resembled the Savages' Saturday night "smoking concert" in their own wigwam. There was dear old Jonas Lever smoking his briar-root four seats away from Polydore himself, albeit the Lord Mayor's fragrant weeds were freely handed round. That stalwart reveller, "Robert," of *Punch* (Mr. Deputy Borsford), enjoyed himself as sedately as ever. Ubiquitous Herbert Johnson amused himself by making graphic sketches in his note-book. Raven-bearded Byron Webber appeared to advantage as the Apollo of the sporting Press; and blue-eyed "Augur" Blake blithely seemed ready to give the "straight tip"; "A Merry Evening!" That sweet warbler, Walter Clifford (Walter Weblyn) beamed across the centre table at Magisterial Montagu Williams; and *Moonshine's* Boulanger was bandying acid jests with his caricaturist chum, Alfred Bryan. Genial E. J. Wade, the stalwart Secretary of the Savages, blithely mirrored the Lord Mayor's smile. Bearded George A. Henty braced himself to lecture the City Fathers. Sir Edwin Arnold hardly looked comfortable in the blue ribbons of the K.C.I.E. Athletic E. G. Ravenstein waxed eloquent on the helping hand De Keyser was ready to give the German Gymnasium (in the long-past days when Ravenstein and I could twirl round the horizontal-bar, leap over the flying-horses rude, and swim with the best of them). "Cute George" Lewis was there, a shrewd man of letters (sixpence and eightpenny), cheek by jowl with the dean of War Specials, Dr. W. H. Russell; and I also noticed brilliant Howard Paul, Mr. Brockwell, Dalton, Mr. Thomas Catling, Mr. G. M. Vintin, Mr. Thomas Archer, Sir J. R. Somers-Vine, jovial and clubable and stanchly true Crawford Wilson, M. Molière Van Laun, the Pettit and Meritt playwrights ("the long and the short of it"), masterly Meyer Lütz, and other well-known Savages, in their war-paint. Acoustically imperfect, the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House is very trying to speakers and reciters. Hence, in common with Mr. Augustus Harris and some others, I heard little more than the rumble of the speeches and the recitations, with the exception of Mr. Edward Terry's clearly enunciated and exceedingly droll story of "The Cornish Jury." Among the most popular of the other Savage Club entertainers were Mr. G. Jacobi, MM. John Radcliff and W. L. Barrett (in a rapturously encored flute duet) Mr. Theodore Drew, Mr. Robert Ganthony, Mr. J. T. Carsdale, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. C. Townley, Mr. E. J. Odell, and Mr. John Proctor. But, due at the Lyceum to assist in welcoming Mr. Irving and Ellen Terry back from New York, I could not stay to hear a tithe of the good things. My greeting accorded to Mephisto and Margaret was worthy their great genius.

The numerous friends of Mr. P. T. Duffy, comrade of the late Howard Staunton and Mr. W. B. Wormald, and their successor as erudite and accomplished editor of the "Chess" column of *The Illustrated London News*, will join with me in deeply regretting his death. He should have carried under the sunny sky of Malaga. Returning too soon to England, he could never recover from the terrible attack of bronchitis which laid him low, and expired at Hastings on Tuesday last. May he rest in peace!

[*Town Edition.*] PHILIP.

Sovereigns of Europe.

HER MAJESTY, sojourning at the Villa Palmieri, Florence, was naturally sorely alarmed by the bad news of the Emperor Frederick's health. The telegrams which reached the Queen on Monday night from Berlin caused her Majesty the gravest apprehensions—so grave, indeed, that she ordered immediate arrangements to be made for her departure for Berlin. The Royal train was ordered to be ready for the Queen's departure on Tuesday night. Towards midday, however, reassuring reports were received from Sir Morell Mackenzie. The Queen accordingly decided to remain, and all the arrangements made were countermanded. Should no change occur, the Queen intends to leave Florence on Sunday night, and would arrive in Berlin on Tuesday morning at six o'clock.

Saturday last was the anniversary of Princess Beatrice's birthday. Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at the Villa Palmieri from Malta, accompanied by Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, who, after spending the day with the Queen, continued their journey to Darmstadt.

Last Monday afternoon her Majesty received a visit from the King and Queen of Sweden.

The Emperor of Germany on Sunday had a relapse which caused intense anxiety. The *National Zeitung*, referring on Tuesday to the Emperor's condition, said:—"It is not a case of simple bronchial inflammation, but of the extension of the disease in the larynx to the bronchial tubes, and thus to the lungs themselves. This new complication is the result of what occurred last week. The canula not lying in a proper position became stopped up, and the secretion from the larynx, instead of finding an outlet through the canula, passed along outside of it into the bronchial tubes, and there produced inflammation." Happily, on Monday night, the Emperor Frederick slept better at Charlottenburg. On Tuesday, his Majesty rose shortly after eleven o'clock, and at noon the Emperor appeared at the window of his study, and was enthusiastically greeted by the people assembled before the Castle. That his precious life may be spared must be the earnest hope of all who desire the Peace of Europe to be maintained.

The Emperor of Austria last Monday opened the Maria Theresa Exhibition in Vienna, remaining nearly two hours in the building inspecting the numerous objects of historic and artistic interest.

The Prince and Princess of Wales during the critical period of the Emperor Frederick's illness received two telegrams and more daily as to the condition of the Imperial patient at Charlottenburg. London will seem itself again when their Royal Highnesses take up their residence for the season at Marlborough House.

The Prince of Wales, who had been attending Ascot and Sandown races, left town last Saturday afternoon for Sandringham, driving direct from Waterloo Station to St. Pancras, where he took the five o'clock train to Wolverton Junction, en route to Sandringham.

General Boulanger, whose triumphant return by a majority of nearly a hundred thousand for the Department of the Nord, has created a great sensation throughout France, issued a manifesto to the electors, in which he declares that Sunday last will be marked in the annals of the country as a date of true deliverance. He adds that it is not enough that they should love the Republic and the country; they must protect and defend them, and labour together to render them respected and indestructible. Too Napoleonic by half, General Boulanger!

THE CANADIAN LACROSSE PLAYERS met a team selected from the South Essex club at Wanstead last Saturday afternoon, gaining an easy victory by ten games to two.

Sport.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING

began on Tuesday, and drew a large number of racing men to Newmarket. But the general attendance was not good. The sport was of interest.

MAMMOTH STEEPLECHASE.

A large company, which included the Prince of Wales, assembled at Sandown Park on April 13, when the Mammoth Hunters' Steeplechase of £2000 was won by Mr. J. G. Muir's Coronet, ridden by Captain Lee-Barber; second and third honours being awarded to Mr. Rutherford's M.P. and Lord Rodney's The Sinner.

CROYDON MEETING

on Friday and Saturday closes the week.

COMING TURF EVENTS.

The chief London Turf Club was on Monday well attended, and, after 200 to 100 had been laid on Friar's Balsam for the Guineas, 7 to 4 was offered, but 700 to 400 was taken, with the proviso of a run with Ayrshire. For the Kempton Park Jubilee 600 to 100 was succeeded by 500 to 100, and then a point less was taken about Minting, and Thunderstorm and Tyrone both advanced to 9 to 1. For the Derby Friar's Balsam advanced to 6 to 4.

THE TEN-MILES' AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

was competed for last Saturday at the Alexandra Recreation Grounds, Crewe, under the management of the Amateur Athletic Association. E. W. Parry, Salford Harriers, won by 300 yards from Thomas, whilst Pennington was third, and Sanders last. Time, 53 min. 43 2-5 sec.

FIVE MILES' BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Last Saturday evening the first of a series of three matches arranged between R. Howell, English champion, and W. A. Rowe, American champion, was decided at the Belgrave-road Grounds, Leicester. The matches are at one, five, and ten miles, and the winner of two events will receive the stakes of £200. The match of Saturday was at the intermediate distance, and Howell was favourite. Howell, with a splendid spurt, won by five yards. Time, 15 min. 37 2-5 sec.

SURBITON AMATEUR ATHLETIC SPORTS

were held last Saturday. The feature was the splendid running of A. G. Le Maitre, the Oxford University athlete, in the open quarter-mile handicap, in his heat, in which he ran until he had covered 300 yards in 59 1-5 sec., a best on record by 1 4-5 sec., whilst in the final he got home in the good time of 50 4-5 sec.; F. L. Paine, unattached, 25 yards start, being second; and P. R. Lloyd, Oxford U.A.C., 12 yards, third. The one-mile open handicap, for which there were twenty-four competitors, was won by W. Pollock-Hill, Oxford U.A.C., scratch, by six yards from A. B. George, the other scratch man, in the capital time of 4 min. 32 sec.

RACQUETS.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHALLENGE CUP.

The Harrovians when they met Charterhouse last Saturday in the final round had not recovered from the severity of their struggle with Eton in the penultimate ties. On the other hand, the Carthusians appeared in the best of condition, and gained a very popular victory. For the fourth time during the week the gallery at the Queen's Club was crowded to overflowing.

BILLIARDS.

The match for £1000 between John Roberts, jun., and W. J. Peall was concluded last Saturday at the Billiard Hall, Argyll-street. Peall, who was allowed to make 100 spot strokes in a break, won by 3627 points, the scores being—Peall, 12,000; Roberts, 8373.

At the Royal Aquarium during the last three days of last week a match of 4000 up was played between W. Mitchell and H. M'Neill, the latter receiving 400 points start. M'Neill won by 637 points.

Peall, who recently offered to concede anyone in the world 1000 in 15,000, has found a customer in Mitchell, who has arranged with Peall to play at the Aquarium the week commencing May 13.

J. Roberts, jun., and W. Cook, at the Billiard Hall, Argyll-street, Oxford-street, commenced an exhibition game of 12,000 up spot-stroke barred, Roberts giving a start of 4000, last Monday. At the close of the first day's proceedings the scores were—Cook, 4857; Roberts, 1912.

A 9000-up spot-barred match, in which Peall concedes Dowland 1000 start, was commenced at the Westminster Aquarium last Monday, and at the close of the day the scores were:—Peall, 1501; Dowland, 2215. The best breaks were 180 by Peall, and 162, 148, and 103 by Dowland.

FOOTBALL.

WEST BROMWICH ALBION AND WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS met at Stoke last Saturday in order to decide the final for the Staffordshire Cup. They had played a drawn game before, and Saturday's game was brought to a definite issue, the final score being one goal each.

THE BOLTON WANDERERS

were strongly represented at Bolton on Saturday, but although they held their own up to half time, Preston North End played very finely afterwards, and won the match by four goals to one.

BLACKBURN ROVERS V. ACCRINGTON.

These two crack Lancashire Elevens met at Blackburn on Saturday, a closely-contested game ending in favour of Accrington by two goals to one.—Other matches: Burnley beat Hallwell, at Burnley, by two goals to one. At Derby, Sheffield Wednesday and Derby County played a draw—two goals each.

RUGBY MATCHES

played on Saturday:—Durham City won the final tie in the Durham Cup from Hartlepool Rovers by a goal to nothing. Swinton beat Wakefield Trinity at Swinton by two tries to nothing. At Halifax the Yorkshire Cup holders beat Broughton Rangers by three goals and three tries to nothing. Batley defeated Broughton on the ground of the latter by a goal and a try to a try.

A TEAM OF AUSTRALIANS

temporarily resident in Edinburgh came up to London on Saturday last, and opposed a body of fellow-colonists located in the metropolis, under the rules of the Victorian Football Association. The game was played upon a piece of open ground at Balham. The bouncing of the ball every five yards, the manner in which the players pair off as at lacrosse, and the absence of any crossbar between the goal-posts were the chief distinctions from the game of football as known to Englishmen. The Londoners won by four goals to two, all the points being obtained by the side which had the advantage of the wind.

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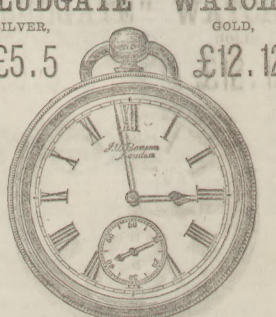

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WATCH CLUBS established under J. W. Benson's system are most beneficial both to Members and Secretaries. Applications desired from Foremen, Insurance Agents, and others to form Clubs.

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.)

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA'S VISIT TO THE FLOODED DISTRICTS OF GERMANY.

Throughout the grave illness of the Emperor Frederick, whilst he was suffering bravely at San Remo, when the death of William I. imperiously summoned him to Berlin, and during the anxious and critical operations of the past few days at the Charlottenburg Palace, the high-minded and courageous Empress of Germany has commanded the warmest and heartiest sympathies of the people of England. We print the above lifelike Portrait of our Queen's eldest daughter, the Empress Victoria, feeling sure the numerous readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* all the world over will be glad to scan the features of the tender-hearted gentlewoman who so nobly nursed her husband, so steadfastly championed the cause of her daughter Victoria in her affectionate love-romance with gallant Prince Alexander of Battenberg as hero, and who on Monday week won the cheering welcome of the warm-hearted German nation by her charitable visit, with Princess Victoria to the districts, devastated by the lamentable floods.

* * * *

The Empress had, so to speak, come to view the ocean of inland waters, and found a huge sea of thankful and admiring subjects. Her Majesty inquired at Posen into everything, went about and saw everything, down to the destitute and despondent wretches, now charitably housed in barrack-sheds, who have been driven from their homes by the devouring floods, and back she went to Berlin with her heart at once full of pity for the scenes of devastation which she had witnessed, and also of the consciousness that, in spite of the private and public whisperings of malignant calumny, the great heart of the people at large must still be on her side.

* * * *

Appalling was the sight of the broad waste of waters, the wide-reaching lake that had ruined many, many thousands of industrious Germans. A sudden change of of temperature, after a season of exceptional severity, caused the accumulation of snow to melt too rapidly, and the consequence has been that the low-lying districts of North Germany have been submerged. The parts in which the calamity has occurred are the most productive agricultural districts of the Prussian monarchy, and the damage can hardly be overstated. All prospect of crops in the current year has vanished. The losses in live stock and in house property are enormous. To give some idea of the widespread nature of the distress, it may be mentioned that the inundated districts are together equal in size to about half of England. The loss sustained by some of the largest landowners amounts to as much as ten thousand pounds sterling. The poor inhabitants, of whom unfortunately the inundated population chiefly consists, have, of course, suffered much more in proportion. In Posen the inundated districts cover 250 English square miles of country, with seven towns and eighty villages. In the city of Posen there are 8000 persons in dire distress. Schneidemühl is like a town after a bombardment. One hundred and eighty buildings are in ruins. In East and West Prussia the destruction of property is greater than in any other province. In the province of Hanover more than 20,000 persons are affected. A Bill was promptly presented to the Lower House of the Prussian Diet authorising the raising of a loan of 34,000,000 marks for purposes connected with the recent inundations. Of this sum 20,000,000 marks are to be devoted to assisting individuals and communities, 8,000,000 marks to the reconstruction of the dykes and of the river-banks, and 6,000,000 marks to the restoration of the railways which have been destroyed, and for other works which may be deemed necessary.

* * * *

Great Britain, through the agency of her richest citizens, will laudably endeavour to mitigate the sore distress of the German families plunged into total destitution by this calamity. With characteristic generosity, the Prince of Wales was quick to send £100, through General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., to the Lord Mayor's Mansion-House Relief Fund, to which the Corporation of the City of London, Messrs. J. H. Schröder and Co., N. M. Rothschild and Son, F. Huth and Co., Kleinwort and Sons, Baring Brothers, Fruhling and Goschen, Speyer Brothers, Stern Brothers, Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet, the Right Hon. Polydore De Keyser, and others have also handsomely contributed. Lord Mayor De Keyser on Saturday last received the following telegram from her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin:—

I have transmitted the £2000 to the central committee here, at the instance of Prince Bismarck, who informs me that the Emperor and his Majesty's Government are deeply moved by this practical manifestation of sympathy coming from London. Unhappily, the distress only continues to increase. It is now officially reported that over 100,000 persons have been rendered homeless, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the flow of charity may continue.

Lord Mayor De Keyser has since then forwarded a further large sum to Sir Edward Malet; and the amount of misery and hunger instantly caused by the sad catastrophe is so immeasurably great that it is to be hoped the wealthy Peers of England will hasten to pour thousands into the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund. Donations may be sent to the secretary's office at the Mansion House, or to the Bank of England.

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT
FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

RECAPTURE.

At last our interview was terminated. Layelah came and informed us that all was ready for our departure. We walked sadly to the place, and found the athalebs crouched to receive their riders. There were four besides ours. Layelah informed me that I was to go with her, and Almah was to go on another athaleb. I entreated her to let Almah go with me; but she declined, saying that our athalab could only carry two, as he seemed fatigued, and it would not be safe to overload him for so long a flight. I told her that Almah and I could go together on the same athaleb; but she objected on the ground of my ignorance of driving. And so, remonstrances and objections being alike useless, I was compelled to yield to the arrangements that had been made. Almah mounted on another athaleb. I mounted with Layelah, and then the great monsters expanded their mighty wings, rose into the air, and soon were speeding over the waters.

We went on in silence for some time. I was too despondent to say a word, and all my thoughts turned towards Almah, who was now separated from me—perhaps for ever. The other athalebs went ahead, at long intervals apart, flying in a straight line, while ours was last. Layelah said nothing. She sat in front of me; her back was turned towards me; she held in her hands the reins, which hung quite loose at first; but after a while she drew them up, and seemed to be directing our course. For some time I did not notice anything in particular, for my eyes were fixed upon the athaleb immediately before us, upon which was seated the loved form of Almah, which I could easily recognise.

But our athaleb flew slowly, and I noticed that we were falling behind. I said this to Layelah, but she only remarked that it was fatigued with its long journey. To this I objected that the others had made as long a journey, and insisted that she should draw nearer. This she at first refused to do; but at length, as I grew persistent, she complied, or pretended to do so. In spite of this, however, we again fell behind, and I noticed that this always happened when the reins were drawn tight. On making this discovery, I suddenly seized both reins and let them fall loose; whereupon the athaleb at once showed a perceptible increase of speed, which proved that there was no fatigue in him whatever. This I said to Layelah.

She acquiesced, with a sweet smile, and taking the reins again she sat around so as to face me, and said,

"You are very quick. It is no use to try and deceive you, Atam-or: I wish to fall behind."

"Why?"

"To save you."

"To save me?"

"Yes. I can take you to the land of the Orin. Now is the time to escape from death. If you go back you must surely die; but now, if you will be guided by me, I can take you to the land of the Orin. There they all hate death, they love life, they live in the light. There you will find those who are like yourself; there you can love and be happy."

"But what of Almah?" I asked.

Layelah made a pretty gesture of despair.

"You are always talking of Almah," said she. "What is Almah to you? She is cold, dull, sad! She never will speak. Let her go."

"Never!" said I. "Almah is worth more than all the world to me."

Layelah sighed.

"I can never—never—never," said she, "get from you the least little bit of a kind word—even after all that I have done for you, and when you know that I would lie down and let you trample me under your feet if it gave you any pleasure."

"Oh, that is not the question at all," said I. "You are asking me to leave Almah—to be false to her—and I cannot."

"Among the Kosekin," said Layelah, "it is the highest happiness for lovers to give one another up."

"I am not one of the Kosekin," said I. "I cannot let her go away—I cannot let her go back to the Ornir—to meet death alone. If she dies she shall see me by her side, ready to die with her."

At this Layelah laughed merrily.

"Is it possible," said she, "that you believe that? Do you not know that if Almah goes back alone she will not die?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, she can only die when you are in her company. She has lived for years among us, and we have waited for some one to appear whom she might love, so that we might give them both the blessing of death. If that one should leave her, Almah could not receive the blessing. She would be compelled to live longer, until some other lover should appear. Now, by going with me to the land of the Orin, you will save Almah's life; and, as for Almah, why she will be happy, and dear papa is quite willing to marry her. You must see, therefore, dear Atam-or, that my plan is the very best that can be thought of for all of us; and, above all, for Almah."

This, however, was intolerable; and I could not consent to desert Almah, even if by doing so I should save her life. My own nature revolted from it. Still it was not a thing which I could dismiss on the instant. The safety of Almah's life, indeed, required consideration; but then the thought came of her wonder at my desertion. Would she not think me false? Would not the thought of my falsity be worse than death?

"No," said I; "I will not leave her—not even to save her life. Even among us there are things worse than death. Almah would rather die by the sacrificial knife than linger on with a broken heart."

"Oh! no," said Layelah, sweetly; "she will rejoice that you are safe. Do you not see that while you are together death is inevitable; but, if you separate, you may both live and be happy?"

"But she will think me dead," said I, as a new idea occurred. "She will think that some accident has befallen me."

"Oh, no, she won't," said Layelah; "she will think that you have gone off with me."

"Then that will be worse, and I would rather die, and have her die with me, than live and have her think me false."

"You are very—very obstinate," said Layelah, sweetly.

I made no reply. During this conversation I had been too intent upon Layelah's words to notice the athalebs before me; but now, as I looked up, I saw that we had fallen far behind, and that Layelah had headed our athaleb in a new direction. Upon this, I once more snatched the reins from her, and tried to return to our former course. This, however, I was utterly unable to do.

Layelah laughed.

"You will have to let me guide our course," said she; "you can do nothing. The athaleb will now go in a straight line to the land of the Orin."

Upon this I started up in wild excitement.

"Never, never, never!" I cried in a fury. "I will not; I will destroy this athaleb and perish in the water!"

As I said this I raised my rifle.

"What are you going to do?" cried Layelah, in accents of fear.

"Turn back," I cried, "or I will kill this athalab!"

Upon this Layelah dropped the reins, stood up, and looked at me with a smile.

"Oh, Atam-or," said she, "what a thing to ask! How can I go back now, when we have started for the land of the Orin?"

"We shall never reach the land of the Orin," I cried; "we shall perish in the sea!"

"Oh, no," said Layelah; "you cannot kill the athaleb. You are no more than an insect; your rod is a weak thing, and will break on his iron frame."

"The next instant we were all in the water together, the athaleb writhing and lashing the water into foam, while I clung to his mane."

It was evident that Layelah had not the slightest idea of the powers of my rifle. There was no hesitation on my part. I took aim with the rifle. At that moment I was desperate. I thought of nothing but the swift flight of the athaleb, which was bearing me away for ever from Almah. I could not endure that thought, and still less could I endure the thought that she should believe me false. It was, therefore, in a wild passion of rage and despair that I levelled my rifle, taking aim as well as I could at what seemed a vital part, under the wing. The motion of the wing rendered this difficult, however; and I hesitated a moment, so as to make sure. All this time Layelah stood looking at me, with a smile on her rosy lips, and a merry twinkle in her eyes—evidently regarding my words as empty threats, and my act as a vain pretence, and utterly unprepared for what was to follow.

Suddenly I fired both barrels in quick succession. The reports rang out in thunder over the sea. The athaleb gave a wild, appalling shriek, and fell straight down into the water, fluttering vainly with one wing, while the other hung down useless. A shriek of horror burst from Layelah. She started back, and fell from her standing-place into the waves beneath. The next instant we were all in the water together—the athaleb writhing and lashing the water into foam, while I involuntarily clung to his coarse mane, and expected death every moment.

But death did not come; for the athaleb did not sink, but floated with his back out of the water, the right pinion being sunk underneath and useless, and the left struggling vainly with the sea. But after a time he folded up the left wing and drew it close in to his side, and propelled himself with his long hind-legs. His right wing was broken but he did not seem to have suffered any other injury.

Suddenly I heard a cry behind me:

"Atam-or! oh, Atam-or!"

I looked around, and saw Layelah. She was swimming in the water, and seemed exhausted. In the agitation of the past few moments I had lost sight of her, and had thought that she was drowned; but now the sight of her roused me from my stupor, and brought me back to myself. She was swimming, yet her strokes were weak and her face was full of despair. In an instant I had flung off my coat, rolled up the rifle and pistol in its folds, and sprung into the water. A few strokes brought me to Layelah. A moment more and I should have been too late. I held her head out of water, told her not to struggle, and then struck out to go back. It would have been impossible for me to do this encumbered with such a load had I not fortunately perceived the floating wing of the athaleb close beside me. This I seized, and by means of it drew myself with Layelah alongside; after which I succeeded in putting her on the back of the animal, and soon followed myself.

The terror of the rifle had overwhelmed her, and the suddenness of the catastrophe had almost killed her. She had struggled in the water for a long time, and had called to me in vain. Now she was quite exhausted, and lay in my arms trembling and sobbing. I spoke to her encouragingly, and wrapped her in my coat, and rubbed her hands and feet, until at last she began to recover. Then she wept quietly for a long time: then the weeping fit passed away. She looked up with a smile, and in her face there was unutterable gratitude.

"Atam-or," said she, "I never loved death like the rest of the Kosekin; but now—but now—I feel that death with you would be sweet."

Then tears came to her eyes, and I found tears coming to my own, so that I had to stoop down and kiss away the tears of Layelah. As I did so, she twined both her arms around my neck, held me close to her, and sighed.

"Oh, Atam-or, death with you is sweet! And now you cannot reproach me. You have done this yourself, with your terrible power: and you have saved my life to let me die with you. You do not hate me, then, Atam-or, do you? Just speak once to a poor little girl, and say that you do not hate her!"

All this was very pitiable. What man that had a heart in his breast could listen unmoved to words like these, or look without emotion upon one so beautiful, so gentle, and so tender? It was no longer Layelah in triumph with whom I had to do, but Layelah in distress; the light banter, the teasing, mocking smile, the kindling eye, the ready laugh, all were gone. There was nothing now but mournful tenderness—the timid appeal of one who dreaded a repulse, the glance of deep affection, the abandonment of love.

I held Layelah in my arms, and I thought of nothing now but words of consolation for her. Life seemed over; death seemed inevitable; and there, on the back of the athaleb, we floated on the waters and waited for our doom.

CHAPTER XXV.

FALLING, LIKE ICARUS, INTO THE SEA.

The aurora light, which had flamed brightly, was now extinct, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, where we floated on the back of the monster. He swam, forcing himself onward with his hind-legs, with one broad wing folded up close. Had both been folded up the athaleb could have swum rapidly: but the broken wing lay expanded over the water, tossing with the waves, so that our progress was but slight. Had it not been for this, the athaleb's own instinct might have served to guide him toward some shore which we might have hoped to reach before life was extinct: but as it was, all thought of reaching any shore was out of the question, and there arose before us only the prospect of death—a death, too, which must be lingering and painful and cruel. Thus amid the darkness we floated, and the waves dashed around us, and the athaleb never ceased to struggle in the water, trying to force his way onward. It seemed sweet at that moment to have Layelah with me, for what could have been more horrible than loneliness amid those black waters? and Layelah's mind was made up to meet death with joy, so that her mood conveyed itself to me. And I thought that since death was inevitable it were better so meet it thus, and in this way end my life—not amid the horrors of the sacrifice and the *Mista Koseh*, but in a way that seemed natural to a seafaring man like myself, and with which I had long familiarised my thoughts. For I had fallen upon a world and among people which were all alien and unintelligible to me; and to live on would only open the way to new and worse calamities. There was peace also in the thought that my death would snatch the prospect of death from Almah. She would now be safe. It was only when we were together as lovers that death threatened her; but now, since I was removed, she could resume her former life, and she might remember me only as an episode in that life. That she would remember me I felt sure, and that she would weep for me and mourn after me was undeniable; but time as it passed would surely alleviate that grief, and Almah would live and be happy. Perhaps she might yet regain her native land and rejoin her loved kindred, whom she would tell of the stranger from an unknown shore who had loved her, and through whose death she had gained her life. Such were the thoughts that filled my mind as I floated over the black water with darkness all around; as I held Layelah in my arms, with my coat wrapped around her, and murmured in her ear tender words of consolation and sympathy.

A long, long time had passed—but how long I know not—when suddenly Layelah gave a cry, and started up on her knees, with her head bent forward, listening intently. I, too, listened, and I could distinctly hear the sound of breakers. It was evident that we were approaching some shore; and from what I remembered of the shore of Magones, such a shore meant death and death alone. We stood up and tried to peer through the gloom. At length we saw a whole line of breakers, and beyond all was black. We waited anxiously in that position, and drew steadily nearer. It was evident that the athaleb was desirous of reaching that shore, and we could do nothing but await the result.

But the athaleb had his wits about him, and swam along on a line with the breakers for some distance, until at length an opening appeared, into which he directed his course. Passing through this, we reached still water, which seemed like a lagoon surrounded by a coral reef. The athaleb swam on farther, and at length we saw before us an island with a broad, sandy beach, beyond which was the shadowy outline of a forest. Here the monster landed, and dragged himself wearily upon the sand, where he spread his vast bulk out, and lay panting heavily. We dismounted—I first, so as to assist Layelah; and then it seemed as if death were postponed for a time, since we had reached this place, where the rich and rank vegetation spoke of nothing but vigorous life.

Fortune had, indeed, dealt strangely with me. I had fled with Almah, and with her had reached one desolate shore, and now I found myself with Layelah upon another shore, desolate also, but not a savage wilderness. This lonely island, ringed with the black ocean waters, was the abode of a life of its own, and there was nothing here to crush the soul into a horror of despair like that which was caused by the tremendous scenes on Magones.

In an instant Layelah revived from her gloom. She looked around, clapped her little hands, laughed aloud, and danced for joy.

"Oh, Atam-or," she cried, "see—see the trees, see the grass, the bushes! This is a land of wonder. As for food, you can call it down from the sky with your *sepet-ram*, or we can find it on the rocks. Oh, Atam-or! life is better than death, and we can live here and we can be happy. This shall be better to us than the land of the Orin, for we shall be alone, and we shall be all in all to one another."

I could not help laughing, and I said,

"Layelah, this is not the language of the Kosekin. You should at once go to the other side of this island, and sit down and wait for death."

"Never," said Layelah; "you are mine, Atam-or, and I never will leave you. If you wish me to die for you I will gladly lay down my life; but I will not leave you. I love you, Atam-or; and now, whether it be life or death, it is all the same so long as I have you."

Our submersion in the sea and our long exposure afterwards had chilled both of us, but Layelah felt it most. She was shivering in her wet clothes in spite of my coat, which I insisted on her wearing, and I determined, if possible, to kindle a fire. Fortunately, my powder was dry, for I had thrown off my flask with my coat before jumping into the sea—and thus I had the means of creating fire. I rubbed wet powder over my handkerchief, and then gathered some dried sticks and moss. After this, I found some dead trees, the boughs of which were dry and brittle, and in the exercise I soon grew warm, and had the satisfaction of seeing a great heap of fagots accumulating. I fired my pistol into the handkerchief, which, being saturated with powder, caught the fire, and this I blew into a flame among the dried moss. A bright fire now sprang up, and blazed high in the air; while I, in order to have an ample supply of fuel, continued to gather it for a long time. At length, as I came back, I saw Layelah lying on the sand in front of the fire, sound asleep. I was glad of this, for she was weary, and had seemed so weak and tremulous that I had felt anxious; so now I arranged my coat over her carefully, and then sat down for a time to think over this new turn which my fortune had taken.

This island was certainly very unlike Magones, yet I had no surety, but that it might be equally destitute of food. This was the first question, and I could not think of sleep until I had found out more about the place. The aurora light, which constantly brightens and lessens in this strange world, was now shining gloriously, and I set forth to explore the island. The beach was of fine sand all the way. The water was smooth, and shut in on every side by an outer reef against which the sea-waves broke incessantly. As I walked I soon perceived what the island was; for I had often seen such places before in the South Pacific. It was, in fact, a coral islet, with a reef of rocks encircling it on every side. The vegetation, however, was unlike anything in the world beyond; for it consisted of many varieties of tree ferns, that looked like palms, and giant grasses, and bamboo. The island was but small, and the entire circuit was not over a mile. I saw nothing that looked like food, nor did it seem likely that in so small a place there could be enough sustenance for us. Our only hope would be from the sea, yet even here I could see no signs of any sort of shell-fish. On the whole, the prospect was discouraging, and I returned to the starting-point with a feeling of dejection; but this feeling did not trouble me much at that time; my chief thought was of rest, and I flung myself down on the sand and fell asleep.

I was awakened by a cry from Layelah. Starting up, I saw her standing and looking into the sky. She was intensely excited. As soon as she saw me she rushed towards me and burst into tears, while I, full of wonder, could only stare upward.

"Oh!" cried Layelah, "they've turned back—they've found us! We shall have to leave our dear, lovely island. Oh, Atam-or, I shall lose you now: for never—never—never again will you have one thought of love for your poor Layelah!"

With these words she clung sobbing to me. For my part, I do not remember what I said to soothe her, for the sight above was so amazing that it took up all my attention. The aurora shone bright, and in the sky I saw two vast objects wheeling and circling, as if about to descend. I recognised them at once as athalebs; but as their backs were hid from view by their immense wings, I could not make out whether they were wanderers, about to alight of their own accord, or guided here by riders—perhaps by the Kosekin from whom we had been parted.

This much, at least, I remember. I said to Layelah that these athalebs were wild ones, which had come here because they saw or scented our wounded one; but Layelah shook her head with mournful meaning.

"Oh! no," said she; "Almah has come back for you. This firelight has guided them. If you had not made the fire they never, never, never could have found us; but now all is lost."

There was no time for conversation or discussion. The athalebs drew swiftly nearer and nearer, descending in long circuits, until at length they touched the ground not far away on the wide sandy beach. Then we saw people on their backs, and among them was Almah. We hurried towards them, and Almah rushed into my arms, to the great disgust of Layelah, for she was close beside me and saw it all. She gave an exclamation of grief and despair, and hurried away.

From Almah I learned that our disappearance had caused alarm; that two of the athalebs had come back in search of us; that they had been to Magones, and had searched over the seas, and were just about giving us up as lost when the firelight had attracted their attention, and drawn them here.

I said nothing at that time about the cause of our disappearance; but merely remarked that the athaleb had fallen into the sea and swum here. This was sufficient. They had to remain here for some time longer to rest their athalebs. At length we prepared to depart. Our wounded athaleb was left behind to take care of himself. I was taken with Almah, and Layelah went on the other. We were thus separated; and so we set forth upon our return, and at length arrived at the *amir*.

(To be continued.)

EVERY man or woman suffering from any form of nervous derangement, loss of power, debility, or functional disorder, should send at once for "Electropathy; or, Harness's Guide to Health" (copiously illustrated). It will cost you nothing, and if, after perusal of the astounding facts it will bring to your notice, you should be persuaded to stop physicking and try rational treatment, you will assuredly be numbered among the ever-increasing multitude who daily express their gratitude for the priceless benefits derived from mild continuous currents of electricity generated by wearing HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT. Don't hesitate a moment, but sit down at once, lest you forget it, and write for the treatise, which will be sent you free by post. Address Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Electrician, the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Moths, Fleas, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to every-thing but Insects. Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

WALTER HERBERT INGRAM. IN MEMORIAM.

Walter Herbert Ingram has passed away of the bravest of young Englishmen, gallant, frank, and winning son of an equally big-hearted and open-handed youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P., founder of *The Illustrated London News*, and a great benefactor to the borough of Hull. Walter Ingram was passionately fond of sport and travel (as are his brothers, Mr. Herbert Ingram and Mr. Charles Ingram). The courage that characterised him is typified in the front illustration. A fearless and expert rider, he was enabled during Lord Wolseley's Ashanti expedition to perform an act of signal heroism, which we have heard described by the man whom it saved at the risk of his own life. Walter Ingram was so deeply interested in the Expedition for the relief of General Gordon that he, with his own steam-launch out to Egypt, and was permitted to join the British expeditionary force. In the trip up the river, a most exciting peril was the wreck of the little launch at one of the Cataracts. The launch was carried down by the rapids, and, unable to swim, was in imminent danger of being drowned when Walter Ingram dived overboard to him, and, with great difficulty, swam safely ashore. For this intrepid act, he was, on the special recommendation of Mr. William Ingram, M.P., rewarded by the Royal Humane Society with a silver medal. His earlier experiences in Zululand during the Cetewayo War had qualified him to take an actively important part, in company with Mr. Melton Prior, in the memorable march of the late Sir Herbert Stewart's Column across the Bayuda Desert, and the three days' fighting in the fiercely fought actions of Abu Klea and Metemneh, as well as in the famous march of the small British square from Abu Kru through hosts of swarming enemies to the banks of the Nile above Khartoum.

It came his notable exploit as one of Lord Charles Beresford's officers. It will be remembered that on the 28th of January, 1885, Sir Charles Wilson, with his two steamers approached within sight of Khartoum, but, too late to rescue Gordon. Two days later, on the voyage back to the British camp, one of the steamers was wrecked, and Sir Charles Wilson and his party compelled to land his force for safety on Tamai Island of Mernat. Becoming anxious at the non-appearance of Sir Charles Wilson, Lord Charles Beresford manned another steamer, the *Safieh*, with his bluejackets, and, accompanied by Mr. Walter Ingram, proceeded up the river, and was soon engaged with the enemy's forces and riflemen. A round shot from the enemy's force pierced a hole in the boiler, which was smartly repaired by Engineer Sergeant Bickerbow. Lord Charles Beresford himself and Mr. Walter Ingram rendered on this critical occasion by serving the Gardner gun when the gunner was wounded. Sir Charles Wilson and his party were taken safely to camp; and Lord Charles did not fail to warmly praise one and all concerned in the brave rescue.

Within a few months ago that Mr. Walter Ingram, late officer of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, left England on a sporting trip to Africa, whence the coast of Africa, opposite Zanzibar, the sad news came on the Ninth of April that he had been killed by an elephant struck down by a shot from one of the hunters. In the prime of life, being in his thirty-third year. Of a singularly sweet disposition, he is mourned deeply not only by the bereaved young widow he leaves (a daughter of Mr. Hemming, 15, Great George-place), by his sorrowing mother, Mrs. Herbert Ingram, and his brothers and sisters, but by a wide circle of friends, whose attachment he had won by his genial and engaging nature. It is, indeed, the saddest of coincidences that not only Mr. Herbert Ingram and his eldest son, but now their youngest son, should have lost their lives far away from home through deplorable misadventures in the prime of life, and in the midst of a career full of promise with peculiar force the uncertainty of human affairs, how many lives have not been lived in vain, and how many have shed social sunshine around them!

Beware.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil" in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa: its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large size, 3s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

Chat of the London Gossips.

["What the *World* says."]

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the genial and handsome Special War Artist of the *Graphic*, now engaged in delivering in Ireland a most interesting and valuable Dissolving-View Lecture or Chat on the Egyptian War, is capitally sketched as the *World's* "Celebrity at Home" in Primrose Hill studios:—

"Those who have seen Mr. Frederick Villiers are not likely to easily forget him. There is something in his bright blue eyes, curly chestnut hair, and Vandyke beard and moustache which reminds you of the picture of some *preux chevalier* of the earlier and happier portion of Charles I.'s reign; but in place of velvet doublet and hose you have a grey shooting-coat of the roughest frieze and dark red Cairene slippers, while there is something unmistakably Muscovite in the peaked cloth cap tossed carelessly on a chair.

"On a certain eventful evening in June, 1876, his eye lighted on the pink poster of the *Globe* announcing the Turkish and Servian declarations of war. 'I hoped my chance had come at last,' says Mr. Villiers, putting down his *finjal* of filigree silver on a Turkish stool of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl; 'I thirsted eagerly for a change, and my one wish was to lose myself for a while in the din and excitement of battle. I procured pen and paper from a refreshment-bar, and a few minutes later dropped a proposal directed to Mr. W. L. Thomas of the *Graphic* into the first letter-box. I saw him next day. Our whole conversation scarcely amounted to a hundred words, and in a few hours I was on my way to Servia.'

"It was barely a week after seeing the poster that I met Archibald Forbes at Paracjin. His first words were, 'You must be hungry. I think I can find you a tolerable substitute for Bass and beefsteak.' Over a *schnitzel* and a glass of Servian beer we seemed to swear eternal friendship, and a couple of hours later I was busily engaged in sketching the Bulgarian prisoners under his auspices. We went through the Servian campaign and the Russo-Turkish War together.

"I went all through the Egyptian campaign of 1882, from Alexandria to Tel-el-Kebir, sketched Arabi in his cell, and then varied my military experiences by illustrating the coronation of the Czar. A year later I was at El Teb and Tamai, and on the cessation of hostilities accompanied the Hewett mission to Abyssinia. My share in the Soudan expedition is comparatively recent history. I survived the untoward upsets in the Nile to cross the desert with General Stewart, and was the only correspondent in the square of 1200 which cut its way through the enemy to the Nile."

The Princess returns to Marlborough House this week from Sandringham.

Prince Albert Victor is to be made a Doctor of Laws on the occasion of his promised visit to Cambridge in June.

The Prince of Naples is to be the guest of the Queen during his visit to London next month, and will probably occupy the apartments in Buckingham Palace which are known as the Belgian Rooms.

Prince and Princess Oscar of Sweden (the Duke and Duchess of Gothland), who have been staying at Bonchurch for their honeymoon, visited Cowes a few days ago, and while there they went to Osborne, where they passed several hours in inspecting the house and grounds, the Queen having sent orders that they were to see "everything."

Mrs. Edward Kennard's Coquelin party to meet the Prince of Wales (hastily arranged to fill up the gap occasioned by the unavoidable postponement of Mrs. Mackay's dinner and reception) was the smallest, but certainly the smartest, entertainment of Wednesday evening, last week. The hostess looked very well in white and blue, and Lady Delawarr's charming dress of white and gold, and Lady Galloway's red gown, presented a striking contrast to the sombre raiment worn by the Grand Duchess Paul. As soon as "La Vie" and "La Nuit d'Octobre" came to an end, everybody went down to a wonderful "small table" supper, which comprised an abundance of strawberries, oysters, and plovers' eggs. The party at the Royal table was made up of the host and hostess, his Royal Highness, the Grand Duke and Duchess Paul, Lady Delawarr, M. Coquelin *aîné*, and Mrs. Wheeler, who wore a very becoming dress of white and yellow.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte was married to Miss Helen Couper-Black on Thursday week. The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. George Couper-Black, Procurator-Fiscal for Wigtownshire.

The Prince of Wales has at length decided to waive his rule as to never taking the chair twice for the same charity, in favour of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, and will preside over the centenary festival at the Albert Hall, on Thursday, June 7. The Princess of Wales will probably distribute the prizes to the pupils at the Albert Hall on the preceding Monday, as the institution has secured it for the whole week, on the payment of £500.

The 17th Lancers, to which the young Prince of Teck has been gazetted as second lieutenant, is now stationed at Lucknow, and the Prince will join there next cold season. Meanwhile he goes, of course, to the cavalry depôt at Canterbury.

Disordered Stomach and Bilious Attacks.—A Gentleman writes:—"Dec. 27, 1887. After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'Vegetable Mote' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully, One who Knows." Eno's "Vegetable Mote," of all Chemists. Price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.—Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E.—[Advt.]

The coaching season proceeds apace. Mr. Walter Shoolbred will make the first journey from the "Cellars" to Guildford on April 26, and about the same date Mr. Wemyss and Mr. Sandys will start a daily four-in-hand, leaving Surbiton for the Royal Exchange at 9.15 every morning, and returning at 4.15 each afternoon.

The Royal Horticultural Society will hold an important show in the Inner Temple Gardens on May 17.

A very strong committee has been formed to carry out the projected Prince's Club, which is to fill the whole of the vacant space between the Hyde Park Barracks and Tattersall's.

The Drama assembled in great force on Sunday evening at Mrs. Edward Ledger's party in Chester-terrace, "to greet" Mr. Henry Irving on his return to England.

It was the Wild West, and the Wild West alone, which made the success of the "Yankeries," and, with dramatic "evictions" and Irish dances at the "Paddyries," and Mr. Savile Clarke's fairy tales (under Royal patronage) at the "Daneries," the fate of the "Romanries" will necessarily depend on the show, and nothing else.

Madame Marie Carroll is going to scent all her dresses and bonnets this spring with a scent of her own concocting, the freshest, sweetest thing imaginable. Several wild flowers are used in the combination, so she is calling it the "Wild Flower Bouquet."

["*Truth* to Tell."]

The Queen will not give a garden-party this year, but the Prince and Princess of Wales will have one at Marlborough House about the middle of July.

There are to be two State Balls and two State Concerts at Buckingham Palace this season. The first ball and concert will take place after Whitsuntide (probably on May 31 and June 6, respectively) and the second ball and concert are to deferred till after Ascot.

It has been finally settled that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to travel to Carlisle on Monday, May 7, by the ordinary Scotch express, which leaves Euston-square at ten in the morning; and they will go on from Carlisle by special train, arriving at Motherwell at 6.45, so that Dalzell House will be reached in excellent time for dinner.

The Royal party are not to drive to Glasgow on Tuesday, May 8, but they will proceed by special train from Motherwell to the Caledonian Central Station, and are to go at once to the Council Chamber, where a Corporation address will be presented, and then they will proceed to the Lord Provost's house in Claremont-terrace, where they are to be entertained at luncheon. The Exhibition will afterwards be formally opened, the Prince and Princess being received at the entrance by Sir Archibald Campbell, M.P., of Blythswood.

The Royal party return to Dalzell, and in the evening they will leave by the mail train from Motherwell for Preston, whence they are to proceed by special train to Blackburn, where there is to be a function on Wednesday, the 9th, and they return to town on the evening of that day.

Princess Maud of Wales is to be presented to the Queen at the first of the May Drawingrooms.

Princess Louise, who has been residing at Malta for several months, leaves this week for Florence, and she will arrive at Kensington Palace on Saturday, the 21st.

Her Majesty will confer the Order of the Garter upon Prince Henry of Prussia on the occasion of his marriage with Princess Irene of Hesse.

The Emperor William has bequeathed a large sum to Prince Henry, who, moreover, will have an income of £6000 a year from the Crown. Princess Irene will have only a very small fortune (about £5000) from the Grand Duke of Hesse, but I am informed that the Queen has undertaken to allow £1000 a year to her grand-daughter.

Sir Morell Mackenzie was anxious to be at home for the 15th, which is the date of his silver wedding, but he was induced by the urgent entreaty of the Emperor to forego his intention.

Lady Wimborne will give a ball next month, to celebrate the completion of the new ball-room at Hamilton House, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales and other Royalties will be present.

Mrs. W. H. Smith will have parties at her house in Grosvenor-place on Wednesday, the 25th, and the following Wednesday, May 2.

I am an economist, but I say by all means let us spend £30,000, and £7000 per annum, in throwing the British Museum [and the National Gallery, likewise the South Kensington Museum, and Bethnal-green Museum] open to the public in the evening. Not only on evenings, but on Sundays, would I have the Museum open. To keep the people out of it on that day is as absurd as it would be to keep them out of the public parks, in order to allow the gate-keepers and the police to go to church.

FATAL HUNTING.

Letters received last Monday from Gibraltar contain particulars of a fatality in the hunting-field. On the 6th inst., a large hunting party was out, among whom were a number of military officers, and Mr. Richard Holmes, managing director of the Gibraltar Gas Company. The latter attempted to cross a ford which was much swollen by recent rains. In making this attempt Mr. Holmes was unseated from his horse and overpowered. Majors Uppleby, Chapman, and Turner, of the Royal Artillery, made several gallant attempts to rescue him as he was being swept down by the current, but Mr. Holmes was swept under and drowned.

Mr. J. D. Weallans, J.P., of Flotterton, Rothbury, was killed last Saturday while hunting with Mr. Selby's fox-hounds, having been thrown in taking a fence.

Yorkshire Ballads.—The late Abraham Holroyd's unique collection of Yorkshire ballads has been handed to Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, Idel, Bradford, editor of *Yorkshire Notes and Queries*, who proposes to issue the best of them in a 5s. volume, by subscription.

British Annexation in the Pacific.—Baron Reuter's New York agent says that advices received there from Honolulu, dated the 5th inst., reported that her Majesty's ship Caroline returned there on the 3rd inst. from a cruise of three weeks' duration, during which time the British flag was raised on Fanning, Christmas, and Penrhyn Islands.

Railway Servants.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink Cadbury's Cocoa, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA OF GERMANY'S BENEVOLE VISIT TO THE INUNDATED DISTRICTS OF THE "FATHERLAND"

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA OF GERMANY'S BENEVOLE VISIT TO THE INUNDATED DISTRICTS OF THE "FATHERLAND."

The Playgoer.

"Splendid strolling!" I believe that was the phrase in which Charles Dickens described the roving acting tours he used to indulge in for the benefit of certain Charities. Wonder what the great novelist would have called the magnificent enterprise of Mr. Henry Irving, who transplanted the whole of the elaborate and beautiful "Faust" scenery from the Lyceum to New York and other American cities, and fairly took the United States captive, not only by his inimitably satiric and humorous impersonation of the Mephistopheles of Goethe, and by the sweetly sympathetic and gentle and girlish Margaret he presented to our American brethren, but also by the supremely grand Lyceum *mise-en-scène* of "Faust"? Why, there has been nothing to compare with it in the annals of the theatre! It is earnestly to be hoped so costly and so laborious a task has proved richly remunerative to Mr. Irving, for, as I learn, he is a generously liberal Manager—one who adds to the comfort and pleasure of his excellent company by handsomely and even munificently paying them: an example I commend to the notice of all other Lessees. That Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are still first favourites with London theatre-goers was plainly evident by the unmistakably hearty and friendly reception they met with last Saturday night upon their first appearance at the Lyceum since their return from the extraordinarily successful professional visit to America. The thronged house literally hung upon their every word. For my part, I thought Miss Ellen Terry was never more bewitchingly natural than she was in Margaret. She was an ideal heroine. Clear as a silver bell were the accents of her sweet voice. There was the girlish look of "sweet seventeen" in her beseeching blue eyes in the fascinating love scenes with Faust (Mr. Alexander, who is getting more and more like Mr. William Terriss in tone). In fine, the embodiment was charmingly perfect—a human poem, indeed, of "Faust" had gained in power, ideality, and picturesqueness. Mr. Irving's conception of Mephistopheles has grown into an artistic personification of Satanic craft and subtlety, and mingled humour of a dry character, wonderfully realistic. It held all spellbound. Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles may now rank for psychological interest with his Mathias in "The Bells." The triumphant revival was also notable for the force with which Mr. Glenney played Valentine, Mr. Mead enacted the Witch, and Mrs. Chippendale unctuously revelled in the rôle of the Nurse. The *diablerie* of the weird scenery commanded all the old admiration; but I don't fancy the effectiveness of the demoniacal Brocken tableau was increased by the slowing of the procession of witches. The helter-skelter rush of old appealed more to the imagination. Mr. Irving is a model after-curtain-speaker. He has the art of saying the right thing at the right moment. Recalled enthusiastically after both he and Miss Ellen Terry had been rapturously applauded, Mr. Irving first tickled the audience by quaintly remarking that "The Devil has been to and fro on the face of the earth without observing any remarkable change in the character of mankind." Then he gratified them by the welcome promise that "after a month of 'Faust'" he would produce Mr. Calmour's play of "The Amber Heart," in which "so great an impression was made by Miss Ellen Terry," adding, amid renewed cheers, that on the same night he would "have the temerity to appear in the old drama of 'Robert Macaire.'" It will be remembered that Mr. Fechter played Macaire to perfection on the same stage. London will be on the tiptoe of expectation to see Mr. Irving's idea of the romantic thief.

It was at a matinée last week that a friend informed me of the sudden death of that great

public favourite, Mr. William J. Hill, from an apoplectic fit. By his death the stage has lost one of its best mirth-movers. A hard, hard time of it had Mr. Hill in the provinces before he took the fancy of town—in "Brighton" and other popular comedies. The public owes a deep debt of gratitude to the memory of Mr. Hill, for no modern actor has been the cause of heartier laughter than he has. He breezily played the part of Fizzleton in Mr. T. G. Warren's amusing farcical comedy of "Nita's First" at the little Novelty Theatre in Great Queen-street for the last time on Wednesday se'nnight; and expired on the following Friday. Those who retain pleasurable recollections of burly Mr. Hill's jocose acting as peppery Uncle Cattermole in "The Private Secretary," one of the most remunerative comedies of modern times, as Gregory Grumbledon in Mr. Hawtrey's "Pickpocket," and many another richly-humorous character, will join in the condolences offered to Mrs. Hill in the hour of her mourning. The last resting-place of Mr. Hill is Highgate Cemetery. I know no better spot to sink to rest.

Now the human swallows are by degrees flying back, London theatres are doing better. The smartened "Run of Luck" justifies its name at Drury-Lane. The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary having been to see "Sweet Lavender," Mr. Pinero's Temple comedy *à la* "Caste," in which pretty Miss Maud Millet is so irresistibly witching and Edward Terry so droll, is drawing good audiences to Terry's. The Adelphi rings "The Bells of Haslemere" as jubilantly as ever, and MM. Gatti go on their way rejoicing—so much so that they have adorned the natural home of melodrama with a handsome new façade embracing their palatial Strand Restaurant as well as the theatre, and are busily engaged in preparing the electric-light installation for the Adelphi. Good business is also being done by Mr. Tom Thorne (never better than as Parson Adams) with "Joseph's Sweetheart" at the Vaudeville, where charming Kate Rorke is the reigning belle. Apropos of this clever and sweetly pretty young actress, somebody should make haste to engage her as Juliet. That Miss Kate Rorke would probably make the most attractive Juliet on the English stage was clearly indicated at a recent Prince of Wales's matinée, when she fascinated the house by her dulcet voice and natural style in the "Romeo and Juliet" scene she enacted so well with Mr. Edward W. Gardiner in a new one-act piece of pleasantry, "Palmistry," neatly written by Mr. Ralph Lumley. At the Globe, Mr. Wilson Barrett has wisely changed his mind, and resolved to continue to play the popular new romantic melodrama of "The Golden Ladder," by Mr. George R. Sims and himself, till his lease expires. You should not fail to see the Brothers Barrett and Miss Eastlake in "The Golden Ladder." The Henley Regatta-drama, by Mr. John Douglass and Mr. James Willing, jun., "A Dark Secret," with the realistic river-scene, has proved a great "hit" at the Surrey, and also in America. Mr. Douglass musically inclines to "The Bells of Corneville" at his own Standard Theatre. The Elephant and Castle draws with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the Britannia with "The Harbour Lights." Benefits are the order of the afternoon at the Gaiety, where Miss Farren reaped a golden harvest last Monday. Fred. Leslie follows suit next Monday. Florence St. John "takes the gate" next Tuesday, and Mr. F. J. Potter, admirable business manager for Mr. George Edwardes, announces the last afternoon performance of Richard Henry's brilliantly successful burlesque, "Frankenstein," for *his* benefit, on Thursday, April 26. If you take pleasure in marvellously good facial changes, take Mr. Jennings's advice, and visit the Oxford Music-hall to see the talented Pylades as the Emperor Frederick and the Prince of Wales, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, &c.

ST. PAUL'S NEW REREDOS.

It is well that Londoners should be reminded of the magnificent spiritual temple we have in our midst, and that the Bishop and Canons of London should be stimulated into activity in order to make St. Paul's Cathedral the centre of a living Christianity, which shall regenerate the City and completely abolish Misery from this vast Metropolis of unrivalled Riches and appalling Poverty. It is a scandal alike to the Church and the People that the noble monument of Sir Christopher Wren's genius should be comparatively neglected. To recall public attention to the manifold beauties of St. Paul's Cathedral (the last resting-place of Wellington and Nelson, be it mentioned), we print a carefully-finished Engraving of the superb new reredos. It will be admitted our Illustration is a piece of conscientiously executed art-work not unworthy the decorative triumph represented.

* * * *

The altar-screen, or "reredos," which the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have provided for the adornment of our great London Cathedral, was uncovered on Jan. 23, when there was a special religious service, in which the Bishop of London took part, with the Canons and Prebendaries. When this work was resolved upon, the design was intrusted to Messrs. Bodley and Garner, by whom it has been executed. Marble screens, of semicircular form, have been substituted, however, for the iron grilles at the sides originally proposed. The design, of which we give an Illustration, consists of a basement against which the altar stands, with a small door-way on each side to give access to the apse behind. Over these doors, which are of pierced brass, are angels supporting shields of the crossed swords and keys, the arms of the diocese and St. Paul and St. Peter, flanked by sculptured festoons of fruit and flowers, separated by marble panels.

The total cost is stated to be nearly £37,000.

* * * *

The general idea of the sculptured subjects is to express the incarnation and life of our Lord, beginning with the two figures at the extremities of the colonnade, which are those of the angel Gabriel and St. Mary, and represent the Annunciation.

* * * *

The entire reredos is executed in white Parian marble with bands and panels of rosso antico, verde di Prato, and Brescia marble. The enrichments are generally gilt. The steps in front of the altar are of white marble, and the pavement of rosso antico, Brescia, and verde di Prato, like the reredos. The whole of the work has been executed by Mr. Brindley, of the firm of Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. The models for the sculpture were done by Mr. Guillemin, and those for the ornament by Mr. George. The gilded bronze-work is by Messrs. Longden and Co., from models supplied.

Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, in colds, coughs, throat affections, gout, rheumatism, and all nervous and hysterical complaints, give instant relief and a rapid cure. They taste pleasantly. Sold by all Druggists.—[Advt.]

RESULT OF A 2s. 6d. INVESTMENT.

From the "Chelmsford News."

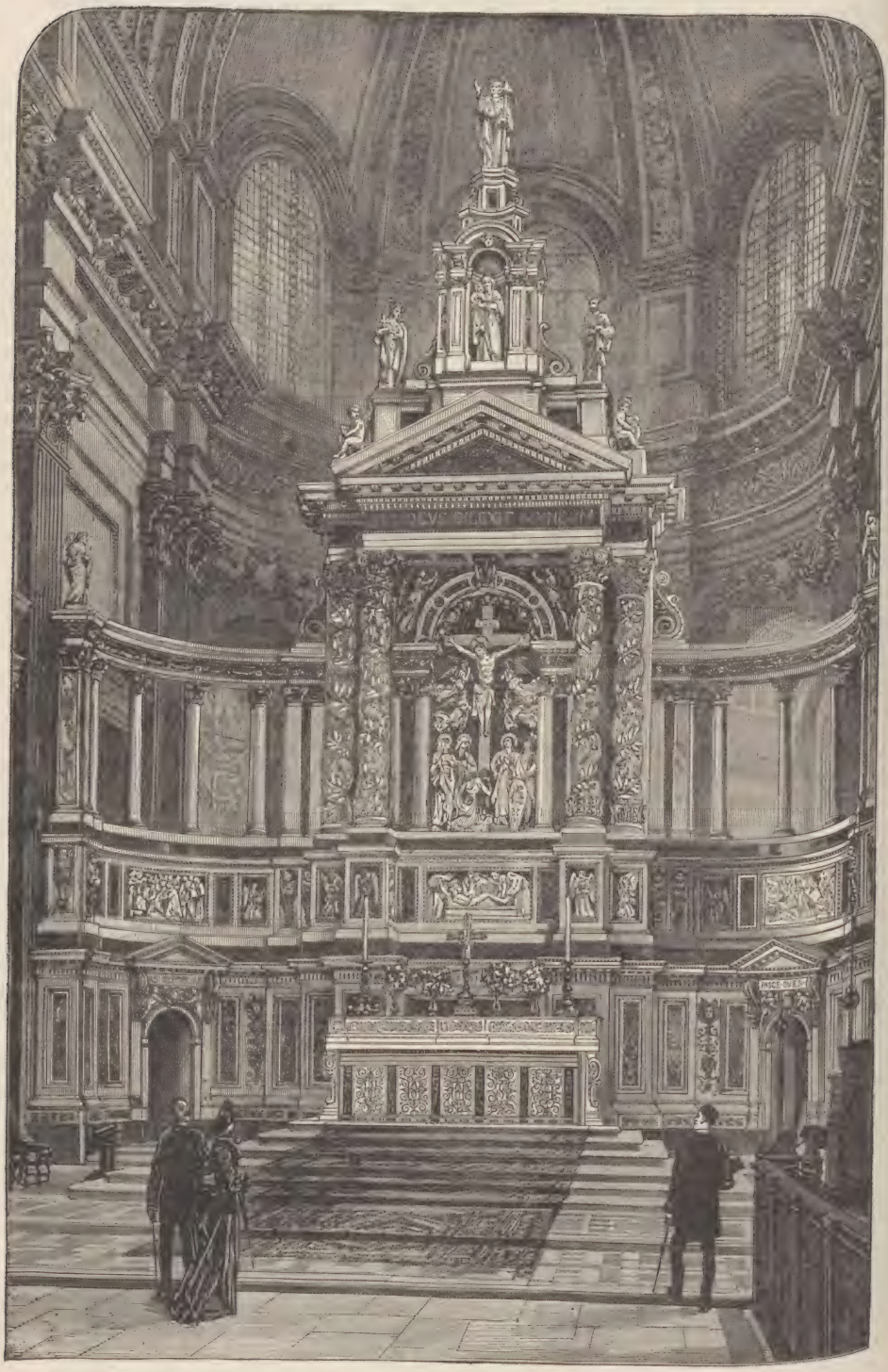
"ANOTHER case is that of MRS. MARY ANN HALLS, of Wardley, Uppingham, whose husband has been a resident of Rutland County for over forty years. His calling is that of a shepherd, and it is safe to say that no one is better known in all the country about Wardley than John Halls. He is universally respected as an industrious and honest man, and what he says may be relied upon.

"MR. HALLS writes that, while he does not seek notoriety, he feels that the following facts should be made public for the benefit of others. What he states is well known to his neighbours, among whom the almost miraculous recovery of his wife has caused no little excitement. This case is so remarkable that one lady who had heard of it came all the way from London to satisfy herself, by a personal visit, of the truth of the astonishing reports which had reached her. In reciting the particulars of the case, we can do no better than use Mr. Halls' own statement. He says:—'For over eighteen years my wife was an intense sufferer from rheumatism. Much of the time her hands, elbows, knees, and feet were swollen to two or three times their usual size, so that she was unable to walk or dress herself. She was, in fact, absolutely helpless. Her joints became so stiff at times that she could not move them. During these periods she suffered the most intense agony, and in all these long years she was never entirely free from pain, either day or night. Different remedies were recommended to her, all of which she tried, but got no relief. Our family doctor said there was no help for her, and that her case was incurable. She and I had given up all hope of her ever recovering her health, or being again free from pain. She had suffered so long that she had become thoroughly disheartened. Just before last Christmas we read in a newspaper an article copied from the *London Magazine of Chemistry and Medicine*, which gave particulars of the wonderful cure, by St. Jacobs Oil, of Edward Evans, whose case was similar to my wife's. As we had for years tried everything we had heard of, she concluded to try this remedy also; and I sent to the Great Britain Branch of the Proprietors—The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon-road, London—for a bottle of it. The Oil was first applied to her hands, which had for many years been so fearfully deformed as to be almost without shape. Before she had used the contents of one bottle, to our amazement and joy, the swelling disappeared, and her crippled hands once more assumed their natural shape. You may well look astonished at what I say, but I am relating facts to you,' remarked Mr. Halls, 'She then applied the remedy to the joints of the limbs and feet, and, marvellous as it may seem, the swelling and pain, which had withstood all treatment, began to disappear; and, before the contents of this one bottle had been used, the swelling, stiffness, and pain with which she had been afflicted for nearly twenty years vanished as if by magic. She recovered the full use of her limbs, hands, and feet. She can walk as well as ever she could in her life. She now attends to her household duties regularly, and sleeps soundly at night, while for years and years she had not known what it was to have a good night's rest. She is free from pain, and is completely cured; and all this was brought about by a single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. I tell you frankly that I believe this remedy has no equal in the world. It has brought comfort and happiness to my home, and I advise everyone suffering from pain to try it. The 2s. 6d. I spent for a bottle was the best investment I ever made in my life.' Mrs. Halls personally confirmed everything that her husband had said, and could scarcely say enough in praise of this remarkable agency of healing which had rescued her from her sufferings."

MR. HENRY RICKETTS, Tryn Cottages, Westbury, Gloucestershire, was a great sufferer from rheumatism for over two years. His attacks grew so violent that he went to Bath Hospital to have the benefit of the mineral waters. In five weeks he left even worse, and his case was pronounced incurable. Then he used St. Jacobs Oil. One application entirely relieved him of pain; his health is now fully restored, and the disease has never returned.

The *Christian Globe* says:—"A man employed at the Central Fish Market, London, was for three years helpless with rheumatism, and after being sent to three different hospitals, was declared incurable. After three days' use of St. Jacobs Oil he could use his arm without pain. Continuing the use of it, all pain, swelling, and stiffness disappeared. He is now cured and at work."

St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic. Its curative powers are simply marvellous. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It goes right to the spot. It cures when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime.



LONDON'S ALMOST DESERTED CATHEDRAL: THE NEW REREDOS AT ST. PAUL'S.

THE SHOWMAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Spring's mild breath has come at last! Too late, alas! for many a weak struggler against the cruel East Wind! They have gone to their rest—to the Elysian Fields, where we may some day join our comrades, and chat our chequered (sometimes un*cheque*red) experiences over again in a green arbour over a bowl and pipe! But the curtain 's rung up once more—for those that are left of us. The Show 's *la chose!* Pray cast your eyes on our Spring Picture Show: the Royal Academy and Royal Institute of Water Colours anticipated!

Spring, friends, rejoices the heart of man—and of "woman, lovely woman," too. Didn't the bird-mating season make even staid and proper Tennyson himself (the most money-making poet of the age) quite frolicsome? I guess our good old Laureate got a fiver for each note when he sang, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love!" Spring, ye twig, finds our Grand Old Man true as steel to his bonnie violet-eyed Irish Sweetheart, Miss Erin, the darlint! Blithe and debonair, isn't he? Upright as a dart, dear old Gladstone has plenty of life left in him yet, depend on it! Bless ye, Mrs. G. doesn't mind the G. O. M.'s gallivanting with sweet Erin! Why, she herself would willingly give the purty lass a hundred thousand welcomes! Truth is, their plan of campaign is to see Biddy settled for life with that *reasonable* amount of Home Rule that alone is good for a young woman (whether she comes from the Sister Isle or elsewhere, bedad!). Hence the new Gladstone Sociable Movement in town! Hence the judicious courting and conciliation of constituencies

by Political Evening Parties such as Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone graced on Monday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Biyth's in Portland-place. A leaf from the book of the Primrose League! And a good leaf, too! 'Twas high time for the Liberal Leaders to recognise the trusty workers by whose aid they have won office and fame. If the L.L. are ever to re-enter Downing-street to endow Ireland with local self-rule, they must totally abandon their meanly selfish and ungrateful practices of old. As it is, I shouldn't wonder—after the introduction of Ritchie's County Government Bill—if the present Ministry should extend local home-rule to Ireland after all. "Measures, not men, have always been my mark!"

Spring sends men racing! 'Twas a Merry Mammoth Spring Meeting at Sandown Park! Prince Bonhomme was in his element on the gay lawn. Hope he won! Hope the Prince will also have a turn with the besom of reform, and help to cleanse the Augean stable of the Turf! What price, Lord Durham? What price, Charley Wood? What price, Sir George Chetwynd? By my troth, friend "Dagonet" (who has gone half racing-mad with the rest of Fortune's Favourites) should re-touch the lively sporting comic opera he wrote with poor Freddy Clay, and re-vive "The Merry Duchess." 'Twould be the talk of the town in this season of Turf scandal. Who bids for "Merry Duchess"? Here 's a chance for Edgar Bruce to net another fortune after Coquelin 's gone at the Royalty?

The next Spring cry! What Ho! Watteau 's the echo. Behold the Primrose League chiefs—Churchill, Salisbury, and Balfour—rollicking in a Primrose Day festival suggestive of Beerbohm-Tree's sumptuous "Pompadour" costume-dances at the Haymarket Theatre. See them tread the "Meadows trim with daisies pied"! Observe the Primrose Knights (the alluring Primrose Dames are not far off), idyllically playing with garlands of primroses in honour of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield—to whom, as a matter of fact, as long ago I assured ye:—

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more!

Who's that hovering near the Primrose group of revellers? Can it be Joey Chamberlain, who

Himself the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reeks not his own rede!

A screw loose somewhere, Joey! The times are out of joint, indeed, to many of us! CODLIN.

ISLEWORTH TRAGEDY.

Two young women, named Sarah Helen Proctor, of Windmill-end, near Dudley; and Charlotte Whale, of the same county, took lodgings together at a cottage in Warton-road, Isleworth, on Sunday last. Early on Monday morning the landlady found the latter lying dead on her bed, the brain protruding from a gash in the side of her head. She immediately went downstairs and informed Proctor, who made no secret of the fact that she had killed her companion by a blow with a hand-jug. She was brought before the Brentford Bench on Tuesday morning, and being charged with the crime, admitted that she owed the deceased a grudge for having struck her upon the head with a nail-bag four years ago. She said she had suffered from the effects of this blow ever since. Prisoner was remanded.

STAGE GOSSIP.

MADAME MARIE ROZE

made her farewell appearance last Saturday night in Birmingham, the opera selected being Victor Massé's "Galatea." Madame Roze received a most enthusiastic reception from the largest audience ever assembled in the Theatre Royal, and was presented with many wreaths and bouquets.

HERR CARL FORMES,

the basso, who is to sing this season for Mr. Augustus Harris at the Royal Italian Opera, will make his first appearance in London, after an absence of twenty-six years, at the concert, under the conductorship of Mr. Raphael Roche, in aid of the London Homœopathic Hospital, at St. James's Hall on the 23rd inst.

M. COQUELIN

performed in "Les Surprises du Divorce" on Monday evening at the Royalty. He made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday afternoon in Théodore de Banville's comedy "Gringoire," and in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," by Molière.

MR. TERRY

has accepted a new first piece by Mr. W. Best, entitled "Physic, Law, and Divinity," which will shortly be played in front of "Sweet Lavender." Mr. Pinero's comedy has proved so successful that boards bearing the announcement "house full" are exhibited outside the theatre.

A SECOND MORNING PERFORMANCE

of Mr. John Lart's play, "The Monk's Room," was given at the Olympic on Wednesday.

MR. J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

will produce a dramatised version of his novel, "The Silent Shore," at the Olympic on May 9.

MR. GIDDENS

announced a three-act farce by Mr. T. G. Warren, entitled "My Bonny Boy," for Thursday evening, at the Novelty.

MR. GILBERT FARQUHAR

has accepted an engagement from Mr. Edgar Bruce, and will appear in "Bootle's Baby," also in a new piece by Messrs. Carton and Raleigh called "The Treasure."

MISS KATE VAUGHAN

was to contribute her monologue with dance, "How it Happened," to the amateur matinée performance announced for Thursday in the West Theatre, Albert Hall, in aid of St. Margaret's Sisterhood at East Grinstead.

MR. SAMUEL BRANDRAM,

with the aid of an amateur company, has undertaken to give a dramatic performance at the Star and Garter, Richmond, on May 31 and June 1 next, in aid of the National Orphan Home at Ham, Surrey. Mr. Brandram will appear as Samson Burr in the "Porter's Knot."

MRS. WELDON

was among the warmest admirers of Mr. Irving and Ellen Terry in the Lyceum stalls, last Saturday night.

MR. HENRY GADSBY,

professor of harmony and composition at Queen's College, Harley-street, proposes to commence his third series of lectures on the "Analysis of Musical Composition," on the 24th inst. Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" will be the work selected for the course. The former series have been very successful and highly appreciated.

MR. KIRWAN

will give a series of evening recitals at the Steinway Hall on May 3, 17, and 31.

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was arrested on Saturday immediately on his landing at Kingstown jetty, on a warrant held by Detective-inspector Cooper. Mr. Dillon, M.P., was arrested in London on Tuesday.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE SPANISH ARMADA TERCENTENARY.

On Tuesday a deputation waited on Lord Mayor De Keyser, at the Mansion House, the object being to bespeak his interest and that of the City of London on behalf of the movement now on foot to fitly celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada upon July 19, 1588, and to ask his Lordship's permission to hold a public meeting at the Mansion House to commemorate the event.

Sir John Puleston, M.P., who introduced the deputation, was accompanied by Lord Ebrington, M.P., Sir John Kennaway, M.P., Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P., Mr. C. Seale-Hayne, M.P., the Mayor of Plymouth (Mr. Henry Waring), Professor J. K. Laughton (Chairman of the London Committee), Mr. C. F. Burnard (Deputy-Chairman of the Plymouth Committee), Major Martin Frobisher, Dr. H. Drake, Colonel W. H. Snell, Archdeacon Farrar, Major Holt, Captain Woolmer-Williams (Hon. Secretary), and Mr. W. H. Wright (General Organising Secretary).

The Lord Mayor received the deputation in the Saloon of the building. He said that in view of the celebration of this great historic event he would gladly afford them every encouragement (Cheers). He was quite sure that those in London desired to encourage them, and, for his own part, he could say that he had been most happy to place the Mansion House at the disposal of the committee (Cheers). In conclusion, he wished the movement every possible success (Cheers).

It was then arranged that a public meeting, convened by his Lordship, should be held at the Mansion House on May 3.

A Collision occurred off the South Foreland on Monday morning between the British steamer Biela and the Belgian steamer Vena, in consequence of which the latter was sunk and fourteen of her crew and a pilot were drowned.

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